

THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY  
**THE VINTAGE**

By JOSEPH SHARTS

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## Synopsis of chapters already published.

Miss Della Coombs, on route to Richmond to intercede for her brother, Richard, who had been charged with having furnished the Federalists with a list of Lee's troops on the Rapidan, encounters Col. Eliza Bledsoe, chief of the Confederate secret service, at Cold Harbor, where he is seeking two spies supposed to have the list. While he captures one, Aaron Silber, whom he releases, and a suspect, the real spy, escapes, aided by Miss Coombs, who believes his story. He is a wounded Confederate whom Bledsoe is seeking to kill as a result of a private feud. In Richmond, President Davis permits her to visit her brother, Capt. Floyd Coombs, who protests his innocence, and she seeks and finds the spy, "James Davis," who is a man of no account. Only he could have been the spy. She undertakes to educate him, and he is given a government position, and the reader learns Silber, too, is in Richmond. Silber, Grigg, and Coombs are in a plot to take Richmond by liberating prisoners, and when guards shoot at them, Della learns her brother is in a plot. When her brother is condemned to death she demands a delay and sends him a letter by a negro servant, asking him to save her brother, and only hears from him on the night before the day he is to die.

## CHAPTER XX (Continued).

"I MEAN, sir, that it is the you disclosed the real object."

"You are wrong," said Grigg, earnestly. "I meditate no act against you tonight. My only purpose here is to save a gallant boy who otherwise would lose his life tomorrow for what he is not guilty of. He took out his watch and glanced at it as he spoke. 'You see I have placed in your hands the original carbon, which is indisputable proof of what I told you. Now I have only to withdraw.' He retired quietly toward the door as though there was nothing further to be said."

"Do you expect me, sir, cried Jefferson Davis, leaping to the corner and snatching up the sword-cane, 'do you expect me to permit so dangerous an enemy to enter and leave my house with impunity? This is a matter of life and death to me. I shall not permit you to sound an alarm.'"

"You will sound no alarm," Grigg replied, turning around upon him. "The President, whose date, nervous system had been wrought up to furious excitement by the interview, jerked the sword from the cane."

"Ah! You think my silence me first! Come on! I do not fear you, desperado as you are."

"Yes, I can silence you."

"Come on! I shall silence you by your promise."

"My promise? It was on condition you had done naught against the Confederacy."

"No. It was on condition I had served only my country in that affair. Know, then, that although born and reared in the mountains of east Tennessee, I was a citizen of Michigan for five years before the war."

"You obtained that promise by deception by a quibble."

"Quibble or not, my words were the literal truth. But even without the promise, you would not detain me."

"And why?"

"Because I know your character well. You would scorn to be less generous than a foe."

The sword-point fell. Almost childishly sensitive to praise or blame, Jefferson Davis burst into gratification at such a compliment. He hesitated, biting his lip. Finally he made an impatient gesture of dismissal.

"Well-so be it. I shall not be the one to arrest you for this act. Go."

And just at this moment Della Coombs burst open the door, a mad apparition, her eyes blazing with terror, and rushed straight upon Grigg.

"You treacherous monster!" cried the girl, clutching her revolver. "Die! She thrust his own revolver against his breast and tugged futilely at the trigger, which he had set at the safety-notch, and he stood there, staring at her wild face."

"What does it mean?" he muttered. "Have you played fair?"

Before he could recover from his confusion and while the girl still tugged at the trigger, there poured into the room a tide of men in gray with gleaming bayonets and bayonets at their heads, clad yet in the blue uniform he had worn at the Libby, strode Colonel Bledsoe, tall, dark, and calm as a statue.

"Caught at last!" said Colonel Bledsoe. "Sold," murmured Grigg as one in a dream, staring at the girl.

"Blessed be the Lord of our Salvation!" Bledsoe exclaimed on perceiving that the President was unharmed. He turned to the soldiers behind him and pointed to Grigg. "Take that man, alive if you can, dead if need be."

Considering that he was taking place, an extraordinary quiet reigned in the room all this while. The soldiers with Bledsoe, in order the better to surprise Grigg, had remained behind the door, entering the house; their footfalls made little more than a rumbling patter on the floor, and there was a rapid clicking as they brought their pieces to the full cock and pressed forward.

More and more men kept crowding up the stairs and into the room. They girt the solitary man about as in days of old soldiers encircled a wild boar. Ere they could lay hands upon him, Grigg had backed away from them and dragged the heavy table across the corner of the room as a sort of barricade. But although his movements were quick they were mechanical, it seemed stifled by dismay, and kept thrusting his hand uselessly into the empty pocket where his revolver had been.

"Surrender!" called Bledsoe, "or I shall give the word to fire!"

Grigg only replied by a fierce look and ground his teeth.

"Overpower him," harshly commanded Bledsoe. "He has no weapons."

The soldiers moved forward, their guns striking sharply against each other in the crowded space; some menaced Grigg's face and breast with their leveled bayonets, while others began to drag the table away.

But Jefferson Davis' voice checked them. "Halt!" said he. "Stand back there."

"Take care," Mr. President," cried Colonel Bledsoe, over whose gaunt features passed a spasm of alarm at the interruption. "While that man lives, your own life is threatened."

"The more need to be careful lest I consult my own safety at the expense of my honor," said Davis. "Let that man live. Do you know what that man is? It is Captain Grigg."

"But I have made him a promise. Let me think. He came here tonight to establish the innocence of a young officer condemned to death. It was a magnanimous act, and I gave him my word."

"What was your promise?"

"Not to arrest him for what he told me."

"You do not arrest him," thundered Bledsoe. "I know naught of his revelations to you. God gave this man into my hands tonight in direct response to prayer and as a crowning mercy to a distracted nation."

"True, my promise hardly extended so far," continued Jefferson Davis, clasping and unclasping his hands in painful reflection. "It was not I who summoned you to arrest him, nor have his disclosures brought you against him. Yet it would be the part of magnanimity."

"Take care," cried Bledsoe again. "You would be nobly generous at your country's expense! Remember your oath of office. Do you know what this man's power is tonight?"

"Well, I know he is the head of a dangerous conspiracy," irritably replied the President.

The commander of an army of eighteen thousand veteran troops who wait for him inside this town.

"Good Heavens! But you mean the prisoners?"

"Just so. But those 18,000 men can scarcely be termed prisoners now. They have prepared battering rams to beat down the gates of their prisons. They have prepared slung-shots and clubs, and some have even received revolvers from him. They only await his signal to brush away a few score of half-hearted militia, to seize the arms at the Tredegar Iron Works and the Armory, and to give Richmond to fire and sword."

"A danger we have suspected for some time. Still—"

"We owe our cause if this man is let go! We owe our name as a patriot! We owe our dream of freedom! He is to give the signal that will pour this deluge upon us. He has been expecting a sign from the North. Cavalry will attack the outer trenches, and when our troops march out to oppose them—that man there will give the word. His army waits now to flood the streets, to seize the hill-tops, and overwhelm us. We owe to all if you set him free! The attack is set for tonight—tonight!"

"You lie!" whispered Grigg hoarsely from behind the table. "Not tonight. I do not—no word. But he staggered back against the wall and his stricken face, his staring eyes and trembling form were frightful to behold."

"How have you learned this?" Jefferson Davis demanded.

"Yesterday a Yankee officer who had been captured on the Rapidan brought me to me that he bore a message for Captain Grigg. I pretended to help him, and he said he had given me a message, and he had his sword and scabbard."

"A deep bell struck upon their ears. The attack is set for tonight—tonight!"

Grigg raised his hands toward the ceiling and toward among the crowded troops like a dark prophet of old.

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"Lost—all lost!" Grigg groaned out between his grinding teeth.

Of a sudden, as the soldiers pressed warily upon him, he hurled a chair up at the soldiers, and he sprang toward the door as though there was nothing further to be said.

"Do you expect me, sir, cried Jefferson Davis, leaping to the corner and snatching up the sword-cane, 'do you expect me to permit so dangerous an enemy to enter and leave my house with impunity? This is a matter of life and death to me. I shall not permit you to sound an alarm.'"

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Miss Esther Price Swett Becomes Bride  
Tonight of Dr. Robert Y. SullivanSt. Margaret's Church  
Will Be Scene of  
Wedding.

St. Margaret's Church will be the scene of a pretty wedding tonight at 8 o'clock when Miss Esther Price Swett, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick K. Swett, will become the bride of Dr. Robert Y. Sullivan. The Rev. Herbert Scott Smith, rector of the church, will solemnize the ceremony in the presence of a large company of relatives and intimate friends, and a reception at the home of the bride's parents will follow the ceremony.

Mrs. Clarence Grange, sister of the bride, of San Francisco, will be the matron of honor, and the three bridesmaids will be Miss Edith Swett, another sister; Miss Helen Durbin, and little Miss Ethel Virginia Griggs, niece of the bride.

Dr. J. J. Mundell will be Dr. Sullivan's best man, and the ushers, who will seat the guests and precede the bride party to the altar, will be Dr. Howard Hume, Dr. Prentiss Willson, Charles Stevenson, and Lee Coombs.

Among the guests at the wedding will be the members of the bride's fraternity, Sigma Lambda, and the delegates to the fraternity convention, which meets tomorrow at the Shoreham.

After an extended bridal trip Dr. Sullivan and his bride will reside at the Burlington, where they will be at home after August 15.

**Mrs. Wilkes and Sons**  
to Sail for Europe.

Mrs. H. D. Wilkes, accompanied by her two young sons, will leave Washington next Thursday for New York, from where she will sail, July 3, for Europe, where she will spend the summer.

Representative Madden left Washington this morning for a brief stay in Chicago.

**Minister Ritter**  
to Attend Swiss Festival.

Dr. Paul Ritter, the minister of Switzerland, will go to New York tomorrow for a few days, en route to Chicago and Milwaukee, where he is to attend the Swiss festival, July 1 to 3. He will also make a tour of the Great Lakes before returning to Washington.

Baroness Uchida, wife of the Japanese ambassador, has gone to Philadelphia, for a few days' visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Baldwin and Miss Imogen Baldwin will sail from New York Saturday on the Berlin, of the North German Lloyd line, to spend the summer abroad.

**Chinese Had the Queue**  
Forced Upon Them by Foe

After noting the great fondness which the Chinese in the United States have for their queues in the face of much inconvenience and embarrassment, one can hardly believe that this style of tonsure was once forced upon them, with the sword, as a mark of subjection.

Nevertheless this was the case. Before the advent of the present dynasty, in 1644, the Chinese wore their hair long, usually tied up in a knot on the top of their heads. The present dynasty, on conquering the previous ruling house, imposed by martial law upon every male in the country the Manchou style of the queue.

Official barbers, with full power either to shave the hair of every one whom they could catch, or, on his refusal, to cut off his head, were said to have been stationed in many parts of the country. It was inevitable that such a conspicuous and tangible mark of subjection should have been bitterly resented, even to the point of many people during those years preferred to lose their heads rather than to shave their hair.—C. C. Wang, in the Atlantic.

**Dame Fashion Clings**  
To the Kimono Sleeve

It is strange how faithful Dame Fashion is to the kimono sleeve, which still appears on the latest models, and we have gone back to the very high waist effect. In most of the new skirts there is a loose pleat at the back, which hangs down to varying lengths, but generally reaches the hem. This has a charming effect, and takes away the extreme severity of the plain, tight skirt. The train which has made its appearance is either cut quite square or is very narrow indeed.

Dr. and Mrs. Chatard  
Depart for Europe

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Chatard closed their house on Rhode Island avenue today, and left Washington for New York, from where they sail tomorrow for Europe to spend the season.

Miss Frances Miller, who is spending the week at Oak Lodge, Md., a member of the house party which Mrs. Ben B. Bradford is entertaining for her son, Lieutenant Bradford, U. S. A., will go to Pittsburgh, July 1, to join a house party which Miss Anne Darcey will give. Miss Miller will then make a series of visits on Long Island sound, and will probably spend the latter part of the season in Atlantic City.

Mrs. John A. McIlhenny has gone to Louisiana, where she is spending some time at her old home, near New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fitch Shepard have closed their residence on Eighteenth street, and, accompanied by their daughters, the Misses Shepard, have moved to East Gloucester, Mass., for the season.

**Mrs. Foss Returns**  
to Home in Chicago.

Mrs. George Foss, wife of Representative Foss of Illinois, returned to her home in Chicago, yesterday.

The minister to Denmark, Count Moltke, has gone to Lancaster, Mass., for a few days to join the Countess, who is spending the summer there with her mother, Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer.

**Hemphills to Spend**  
Summer in Maryland.

Mrs. J. J. Hemphill will leave Washington about the 1st of July for Cambridge, Md., where she will spend the summer visiting relatives. Mr. Hemphill will spend his wife for brief visits during the season.

Viscountess d'Albair will leave Washington Monday for her cottage at York Harbor, Me., where she will spend the season. In August the viscount will join his wife.

Miss Phyllis Howard, who was the guest of the Misses Murray, daughters of Maj. Gen. Arthur Murray, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murray for the last few days, has returned to Fisher's Island, N. Y., where she is spending the summer.

**Mr. and Mrs. Ellis**  
to Remain Here Until August.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade Ellis, who have just returned from a brief trip to New York, expect to remain in town until August, when they will close their house on Massachusetts avenue, and either go to the seashore for the month, or take a short trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Stambaugh announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Anna Mary Stambaugh, to Arthur Van Doran Thomas. The ceremony, which took place last night at 7 o'clock, the Rev. C. E. Fultz officiating, was followed by an informal reception.

Dr. and Mrs. James D. Morgan have closed their residence on McPherson square, and have opened their place at Chevy Chase for the summer.

Mrs. D. K. Sargent, who has been the guest of Mrs. S. Graham Butler at the Suffolk for several weeks, has returned to her home in Dean River, Iowa.

**Miss Emma Imbach**  
Bride of Ora M. Daniels.

The marriage of Miss Emma Imbach to Ora M. Daniels took place Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock at the Gunton Temple Memorial Church, the pastor, the Rev. C. E. Granger, officiating in the presence of a small party of relatives and intimate friends.

Immediately after the wedding ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Daniels left Washington for a wedding trip. Upon their return, they will reside at the Fortner.

Arthur Willert, of London and Washington, arrived in Washington yesterday from New York, where he landed the day before on the Olympic, and spent the night at the Hotel. He will close their house here shortly, and will go to Dublin, N. H., where they have taken a cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Upshur Moorhead, who have taken the Beaulieu cottage at the Virginia Hot Springs for the season, are daily visitors to the tennis court, accompanied by the latter's sister, Miss Chew. Miss Chew and her grandmother, Mrs. Tidan J. Coffey, are spending the summer at the Homestead, to be near Mr. and Mrs. Moorhead and their infant son.

William Harvey Coneby  
Weds in New  
York.

Cards have been received in Washington from Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gureath Hamilton, of New York, announcing the marriage of their daughter, Miss Pauline Hamilton, to William Harvey Coneby, Monday, June 19, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Coneby will be at home after July 10, at the Cumberland.

Miss Helene Bovee, of the Portland, is spending the summer at Washington Grove, the guest of her grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Bovee.

The assistant Attorney General, Winfred T. Denison, and his sister, Miss Katherine Denison, have gone to New York from where they are sailing tomorrow on board the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, for Europe.

George Putnam was host at an informal dinner at the Chevy Chase Club last night, having as his guests, Major and Mrs. W. V. Judson, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Burleson, Miss Hodges, Mr. Cable, and Mr. Grosvenor, and Clay Judson.

**Secretary Stimson**  
and Wife on Visit.

The Secretary of War and Mrs. Stimson are spending a few days at McLean, Haverford, Pa., the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Robert G. Gamble.

The former Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Leslie M. Shaw have returned to their home in Philadelphia, after a short visit to Washington, coming on to attend the silver wedding celebration at the White House Monday night. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw and their family do not expect to close their house for the summer, but will make frequent motor trips throughout the season along the Jersey coast and through the New England States.

Senator and Mrs. Lodge have gone to New York for a few days' stay at the Belmont, before going to their summer home, at Nahant, Mass.

The Bishop of Washington, and his children, Charlotte Harding, Alfred and Paul Harding, and their aunt, Miss Harriet Douglas, have gone to North Haven, Me., for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Emilie Berthier and family have closed their home, in Columbia road and are spending the summer at Hotel Frontenac, Thousand Islands.

Dr. and Mrs. C. Rubenstein, who have been spending the past few days in Washington, have returned to their home in Baltimore.

Rabbi and Mrs. H. H. Mayer, who were in Washington to attend the reception at the White House Monday evening, have returned to their home, in Kansas City.

Mrs. R. Schlestein, who has been the guest of relatives in Washington for the past few days, has returned to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Straus, who were in Washington to attend the wedding of their son, Henry Culler Straus, and Miss Reta Baer, which took place at Baer's Tuesday evening, have returned to their home in Richmond.

Miss Alma Baer will leave Sunday for a few days in New York, with her aunt, Mrs. R. Schlestein, before leaving for Poland, Me., to spend the summer at Tripp Lake Camp.

FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME  
The Sandman's Stories

## JAMES AND THE PRINCE.

"I WANT you to come in now," said James' mother; "you must go shopping with me this afternoon and I want you to rest."

"Why do I have to go shopping?" asked James. "I want to play with the boys."

"You need a new suit," his mother replied, "and you must try it on; besides that, it is too warm to play ball in the hot sun; take a book and sit in the library where it is cool."

James pouted and said he did not want a new suit. He went into the library and sat in a big chair. He took a book from the table near him and began looking at the pictures.

There were portraits of kings and queens and many other grand people. At this point the door opened and a boy came in. He was a boy of about James' age, and he was wearing a suit of armor. He had a sword and a shield, and he was looking at James.

"It was," said the boy in the picture, who suddenly stepped out of the book and stood by James' chair.

"Will you sit down?" said James, jumping up and offering the boy a chair. The boy sat down in another big chair opposite James. "How nice and comfortable it is in here," he said, curling up in the seat of the chair, and it is so quiet, too."

"Why do you wear your coat buttoned the hot day?" asked James.

"It would never do for a prince to be seen with his coat unbuttoned," replied the boy. "And I should not be allowed to curl up in this position or talk with you if anyone saw me. Close the book, please, so none of my family can get out to disturb me."

James closed the book and wondered who his guest was that he had to be so careful. "What are all those badges you have on?" he asked.

"Those are the different orders to which I belong," replied the boy.

The boy said himself in another big chair opposite James. "How nice and comfortable it is in here," he said, curling up in the seat of the chair, and it is so quiet, too."

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